

The Comicall Historie of

But in the estimation of a haire,
Thou dyest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Grat. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel Jew* :
Now Infidell I have you on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause, take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principall, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee, here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,
He shall have meere justice and his Bond.

Grat. A *Daniel* still say I, a second *Daniel*,
I thanke thee Jew for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principall?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture
To be so taken at thy perill Jew.

Shy. Why then the Devill give him good of it?
He stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry Jew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the Lawes of *Venice*,
If it be prooved against an alien,

That by direct, or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any Citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seaze on halfe his goods, the other halfe

Comes to the privie Coffer of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy

Of the Duke onely, 'gainst all other voyce.
In which predicament I say thou standst:

For it appeares by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant: and thou hast incurr'd

The danger formerly by me rehearst.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou maist have leave to hang thy selfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the State,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the States charge.

Duke. That

the Merchant of Venice.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:

For halfe thy wealth it is *Anthonio's*,

The other halfe comes to the generall State,

Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. I for the State, not for *Anthonio*.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustaine my house: you take my life

When you do take the meanes whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him *Anthonio*?

Grat. A halter *grat*, nothing else for Gods sake.

Anth. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court,

To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,

I am content: so he will let me have

The other halfe in use, to render it

Upon his death unto the Gentleman

That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more, that for this favour

He presently become a Christian:

The other, that he do record a gift

Here in the Court, of all he dies posselt,

Unto his sonne *Lorenzo* and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant

The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence,

I am not well, send the deed after me,

And I will signe it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Grat. In christning shalt thou have two Godfathers;

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,

To bring thee to the gallows, not to the Font. *Exit.*

Duke. Sir I intreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Graces pardon,

I must away this night toward *Padua*,

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And